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THE CITY CLUB-HOUSE.

THIS chastely elegant structure occupies the site of the Old South Sea House, opposite the church of St. Peter-le-Poor, in Broad-street. It has been erected from the design of Philip Hardwick, Esq., F.R.S., architect of the New Goldsmiths' Hall, &c. It is intended for the accommodation of "the City Club," now in course of organization; and whose list, it is expected, will include the principal merchants and bankers of the city of London. A better situation for architectural display might probably have been chosen; but it would be difficult to name a site more convenient for the first class of merchants of this wealthy metropolis. Its proximity to the Exchanges, and that splendid oasis of the City, termed "the money-market," is advantageous; while it is at the same time in the busy world, yet sufficiently removed from its focus to afford a temporary retreat from jostling noise.

The Club House is of the Palladian order. The Engraving represents the elevation of the principal front in Broad-street, which is finished with Portland and Bath stone. It has few pretensions to decorative richness; but the effect is simply handsome. The front recedes a short distance from the street, and is inclosed by a stone dwarf wall, with balus-

trades. The space between the lower windows is channeled; and above are eight pilasters, between which are seven well-proportioned windows, which light the principal floor. Throughout the intercolumniations, beneath the windows, extends a balustrade. Each window has a semicircular or triangular pediment, with appropriate truss-blocks; and over the central window is an ornamented escutcheon for armorial bearings. The pilasters are surmounted by a row of handsome console blocks, which crown the elevation.* The entrance is plain: over the door is a large projecting coping-stone, from the supports of which hangs a rich garland, which is festooned above the door-way, the ascent to which is by three steps. The elevation from the basement is 55 feet, and its length 83 feet.

The plan of the building is divided into three portions. The first contains the entrance hall, flanked with committee and secretary's rooms on the right, and porters and waiting-rooms on the left; beyond which, on each side, is a dining-room, 15 feet high and nearly 25 feet square. Each ceiling is divided into two panels, and enriched with a remarkably fine egg and tongue moulding. Above

* These are but imperfectly represented in the Engraving, from their necessarily diminutive size.

these apartments, is the principal floor, entirely occupied by two drawing-rooms, 18 feet in height and 25 feet deep, and communicating, by folding doors—one room being 46½ feet, and the other 34½ feet in length; the former lit by four, and the latter by three windows. The mouldings, flowers, and other decorations of the ceilings of these rooms are singularly beautiful. Above the drawing-rooms are servants' bed-rooms.

The second, or central portion of the plan, contains the principal staircase, flanked with waiting and service-rooms, &c., and the servants' staircase; above these are dressing and bath-rooms, and another story of dressing-rooms over them. The principal staircase is of stone, and some of the slabs weigh upwards of four tons. A flight of broad steps leads from the hall to a large landing-place, whence ascends another flight, branching into two others, which lead to the apartments above. This staircase is handsomely lit from the roof.

The third portion consists entirely of the coffee-room, of noble dimensions, being a double cube in form, 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and the same in height. The ceiling is divided into three soffite or sunk panels. It is lit by three lofty, semi-circular topped windows, each with two columns as divisions. These windows open upon a terrace, inclosed with balustrades, and forming the back-front of the club-house seen from Fountain-court.

It should be stated, that each of these portions varies in length: the first being from 83 to 90 feet; the second, 54 feet; and the third, or coffee-room, 63 feet. The total number of principal apartments is 42; and the upper story is provided with dormitories for servants.

The basement story contains the various domestic offices, upon a scale of completeness which we have never seen surpassed. Its height is 12 feet. Here are capacious cellars and larders. The kitchen is not included in the regular basement story, and has thus the advantage of ventilation by a large light in the roof. The fittings are of improved descriptions: among them are a steam-boiler; and a hot-water apparatus, by Jaques, for warming the staircases and passages throughout the building.

The estimated cost of this well-appointed structure is 8,000*l*. The interior fittings will occupy but a short time; and when completed, the whole establishment will bear comparison with any of its description in the metropolis.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE heavens were bright with many a star,
The snowy flocks were sleeping;
The moon upon her "silver car,"
Was her nightly vigil keeping,—
And sleepless were the shepherds' eyes,
Upturn'd unto the spangled skies,
"Where heav'n-aspiring thought from this world's
darkness flies!"

The hour was come,—that shepherd band,
Were destin'd from all time,
To witness the Almighty hand
Dispense the gift divine:—
The hour was come,—the silence broke,
The voice of many a seraph spoke,
And from our fall'n race, fell off the oppressor's yoke.

The purple canopy above,
One brilliant arch became,
The beams of heaven's o'erpowering love,
Shot thro' earth's wondering frame,
Eclips'd by that "excess of light,"
The stars did pale their lustre bright,
And the wan shepherds there, did veil their dazzled sight!

For forms ethereal float around,
From heav'n their strain began,
And melody was in that sound,
That told the wondrous plan:
"Angelic forms are swift careering,
Where parted clouds an arch for them is rearing,
For heaven's all-radiant host, on this cold earth
appearing."

Bursting from lips, that from the throne
Of unapproach'd light were sent,
With grace seraphic o'er them thrown,
And eyes, on mercy's errand bent,
"Glory to God" began that legion fair,
"Goodwill to man" the message they would bear,
Unto the prostrate ones, so humbly bending there!
"Fear not," that voice of music said,
"For unto you is born,
E'en in a manger's narrow bed,
Upon this breaking morn,
A Saviour—Christ,—then speed your way, arise,
For His own star shall guide you where He lies,
And with unwavering beam illumine the eastern
skies!"

Moment—from ages long foretold,—
Abyss of mercy vast,
Angels, the wonder have unroll'd,
And the star shone at last:—
Star—that upon the Prophet's vision shone,
Star of the Morning! thou, and thou alone,
Proclaim'd that on this earth abode the Almighty
one!

Horton Lindsey.

ANNA R.—

Anecdote Gallery.

DEAN SWIFT'S HAIR.

A CERTAIN antiquary, residing not a hundred miles from the estate and mansion of the late eccentric Lord Huntingtower, one day received from his lordship a few locks of fine, soft, bright, and beautiful hair, which an accompanying letter described to be a particular curiosity, as it was some of *Dean Swift's hair when a child*. Dr. — received the present with joy; and placing this valuable relic of the celebrated Hibernian under a glass cover, it adorned his drawing-room, or museum, for some time. Meanwhile, Lord H. chuckled over the practical joke he had played off upon our Rutlandshire *Oldbuck*, and scrupled not to spread abroad, to the reverend gentleman's infinite mortification, when he heard of it, the manner in which he had *hoaxed* his antiquarian friend.

A son had, it seems, been born to one of his tenants, named *Swift*, for which he stood godfather, under the express stipulation that

the boy should be called *Dean*. To this the parents assented; and in a short time, Lord H. had the pleasure of sending to the worthy antiquary, as we have seen, "some of Dean Swift's hair, when a child."

MRS. OPIE.

"I KNEW her well," said a gentleman, with whom the writer was conversing upon literary people, and the literary character.—"I knew her well in early life; she was immoderately fond of dancing; and one night that I happened to be her partner, she unfortunately wore a pair of painfully tight slippers; but, neither willing to forego the pleasures of the dance, nor to cut the shoes, *she took them off, and actually danced barefooted!*"

Such an anecdote of *Mrs. Opie* seems singular enough now; otherwise dancing lady-authors are not in these days phenomena. Miss Landon avows herself passionately fond of the dance, and is gay and animated in society; and Miss Crumpe and others may also be seen enjoying the delights of the ball-room, with the zest which should ever be accorded to them.

PUBLISHING.

"WHEN I wanted to publish my *Nature Displayed* in England," said M. Dufief, to some pupils who were reading to him from that work, one day, a sketch, called *Le Libraire*, and which elicited from him this comment—"I could not for a length of time meet with any bookseller willing to take it, on any terms; at last, one offered to do the thing *generously*, viz., to purchase the copy-right for 5*l.*! and allow me twenty copies of the work at my own disposal! I would not hear of such a scheme; and lucky was it for me that I did not. I afterwards published on my own account this grammar, of which above 20,000 copies have sold in England. I also possess the copy-right of the American edition, of which the sale is amazing."

We could add to this specimen of "the trade" many more facts, which would astonish the uninitiated, but prefer giving one in another line.

We once offered some original stanzas to a music-publisher, naming for them a price so low that we were ashamed of it, remembering that M.S. ballad-verses have been bought at prices from *one guinea to sixty and upwards*. "Very good," said the publisher, "nice verses enough, and would make a popular ballad, no doubt; but, you see, I must first set them to music, or have them set; the plate for engraving will cost five guineas; then, there are the expenses of paper, advertising, &c.; and, moreover, the uncertainty of the song pleasing the public; so that I cannot run the risk of purchasing the words. But, if you can get Miss S—,

or any other famous vocalist, to sing the ballad when finished, it would probably answer, and I should not then object to publishing it."—"But, Mr. —, not knowing Miss S—, or any one else in that line, how is she to sing it?"—"Why, you must send her *twenty guineas*, and I'll warrant she'll sing it fast enough."

After this advice, will it be credited, that this worthy offered, were it complied with, to publish our song on these terms—viz., considering the copy-right as his own, to allow us, gratis, *two dozen copies*; which, calculating them at the ordinary ballad price of 2*s.* each, would, could we have sold them all, have brought us in just 2*l.* 8*s.*—in compensation for our twenty guineas. O Conscience! where wert thou then?

MARCH OF MIND.

SURELY, in some instances, *mind* marches like the crab—by motion retrograde or oblique, instead of straight forwards. A late lamented lady explaining to her "own woman," who had requested it, the nature of meteors, and observing, that under certain circumstances "the atmosphere *ignites*," was interrupted by the damsel's exclamation of—"Nights! my lady—*nights!* Oh, no, then, meteors be n't the things I mean, for I sees 'em of days as well!"

We have by us several bills, for shoes "*sold and held*," (soled and heeled); and occasionally for "*dubble sold*."

A very honest, respectable, and worthy man, who cannot read, (wonderful to relate in these days,) and who has been a gardener for above twelve years, never in his life beheld a *pine apple*, or could conceive what sort of fruit it was, until we had an opportunity of showing him one. Not many days since, he astonished us with a legend, respecting "*Our Saviour's Wife!*" and seemed perfectly petrified and confounded when we told him that our Blessed Lord never had one. Yet, this man constantly attends church; but, as we have remarked, *he cannot read*; and so lamentable an idea only proves the blessing and benefit of those schools which undertake to give sound, religious, and moral instruction to our poorer brethren; whose feet may well slip from the right way, if their heads be filled with worse than nothing at all. The same individual amused us not a little, by stating the town to be "*surpolyfaced!*"—which puzzling word we contrived to obtain some light respecting, by tracing it to its surmised roots, "*surplus*" and "*populated*:" our clue being, the acknowledged *overpopulation* of the town whence we date.

M. L. B.

Great Marlow, Bucks.

Manners and Customs.

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS.

THE following picture of Christmas in England, two hundred years ago, chiefly extracted from a book called *Christmas Entertainments*, appeared some time since in the *Athenæum*: "There was once upon a time hospitality in the land: an English gentleman at the opening of the great day, had all his tenants and neighbours entered his hall by daybreak, the strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese; the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bays, laurel, and mistletoe, and a bouncing Christmas log in the chimney, glowing like the cheeks of a country milkmaid; then was the pewter as bright as Clarinda, and every bit of brass as polished as the most refined gentleman; the servants were then running here and there, with merry hearts and jolly countenances; every one was busy in welcoming of guests, and looked as snug as newly licked puppies; the lasses were as blithe and buxom as the maids in good Queen Bess' days, when they ate sirloins of roast beef for breakfast; Peg would scuttle about to make a toast for John, while Tom was harum-scarum to draw a jug of ale for Margery. And afterwards 'this great festival was in former times kept with so much freedom and openness of heart, that every one in the country where a gentleman resided, possessed at least a day of pleasure in the Christmas holydays; the tables were all spread from first to the last, the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board; and all those who had sharp stomachs and sharp knives ate heartily and were welcome. There were then turnspits employed, which, by the time dinner was over, would look as black and as greasy as a Welsh porridge pot, but the jacks have since turned them all out of doors. The geese, which used to be fattened for the honest neighbours, have of late been sent to London, and the quills made into pens to convey away the landlord's estate; the sheep are driven away to raise money to answer the loss at a game at dice or cards, and their skins made into parchment for deeds and indentures; nay, even the poor innocent bee, which was used to pay its tribute to the lord once a year at least in good methueglin, for the entertainment of the guests, and its wax was converted into beneficial plasters for sick neighbours, is now used for the sealing of deeds to his disadvantage."

W. G. C.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

ONCE, as we were approaching Frescati, in the sunshine of a cloudless December morn-

ing, (says Mr. Rogers,) we observed a rustic group by the road-side before an image of the Virgin, that claimed the devotions of the passenger from a niche in a vineyard wall. Two young men from the mountains of the Abruzzi, in their long brown cloaks, were playing a Christmas carol. Their instruments were a hautboy and a bagpipe; and the air, wild and simple as it was, was such as she might accept with pleasure. The ingenuous and smiling countenances of these rude minstrels, who seemed so sure that she heard them, and the unaffected delight of their little audience, all younger than themselves, all standing uncovered, and moving their lips in prayer, would have arrested the most careless traveller.

W. G. C.

PLAYING CARDS.

It is presumed by some that the amusement of cards is an oriental importation; others state that they originated in Spain. It was known at our court in the reign of Henry VII., for in the year 1502, when his daughter was married to James IV. of Scotland, she played at cards shortly after her arrival.

By the affinity of the names it would appear that we imported cards from Spain when they became fashionable, most likely made so by Philip when he came over to wed Mary. The term *flush* is a Spanish word, implying that the cards are of one colour. The early Spanish cards have actual clubs represented on one suit, and swords, *espadas*, spades, on the other. The Spanish cards were subsequently changed for French ones, being simpler in figure and easier for importation.

The manufacture of playing cards did not commence in this country till the time of James I., though the amusement was so general that the audiences at theatres used to divert themselves with them before the play began.

Whist was originally called whisk, and confined to the servant's hall; but, about 1733, a set of gentlemen, who frequented the Crown Coffee House, Bedford-row, studied it upon fixed and scientific principles; among whom was the first Lord Folkestone, ancestor of the present Earl of Radnor.

In the time of Elizabeth, primero was the fashionable game at cards, whist or whisk being ultimately banished from the drawing rooms and returned again to its original quarters among serving men and lacquies. Primero, which is a Spanish game, was imported by Philip II.; it was in high fashion as appears by the following passage in Shakespeare

"——— I left him at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk."

Hen. VIII., act 5. sc. 1.

although this is a gross anachronism.

J. SILVESTER.

TRICKS WITH CARDS.

Among sharpers, divers sorts of false or fraudulent cards have been contrived; as marked cards, brief cards, corner-bend, middle-bend, &c.

Marked cards are those where the aces, kings, queens, and knaves, are marked on the corners of the backs with spots of different number and order, either with clear water, or water tinged with pale Indian ink, that those in the secret may distinguish them. Aces are marked with single spots on two corners opposite diagonally; kings with two spots at the same corners; knaves with the same number transversed.

Brief cards are those which are either longer or shorter than the rest, and are chiefly used at whist and piquet.

Broad cards are those usually for kings, queens, knaves, and aces; the long for the rest. Their design is to direct the cutting, to enable him in the secret to cut the cards disadvantageously to his adversary, and draw the person unacquainted with the fraud, to cut them favourably for the sharper. As the pack is placed either endways or sideways to him that is to cut, the long or broad cards naturally lead him to cut to them.

Corner bend denotes four cards turned down finely at one corner, to serve as a signal to cut by.

Middle-bend, or Kingston-bridge, is where the tricks are bent two different ways, which causes an opening, or arch, in the middle, to direct likewise the cutting. P. T. W.

CORAL.

So children cutting teeth receive a coral. *Byron.*

PLINY says that "formerly it was deemed excellent as an antidote to poison." Brand quotes from an old work: "Wytches tell that this stone withstondeth lyghtenyng, and putteth it as well as whirlwindes, tempestes, and stormes, from shippes and houses that it is in." (We should recommend this observation to the engineers employed in repairing the Chain Pier at Brighton.) This superstition still exists in our nurseries in the coral and bells suspended round the necks of infants, for the red coral could repel witchcraft, and bells were originally used to scare away evil spirits. J. SILVESTER.

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION

Exists at Portslade, near Brighton, and has been entertained within the memory of man, namely, that a dying person can be recovered if thrice carried round and thrice bumped against a thorn of high antiquity, which stands on the Down, ever ready to dispense its magic power to all true believers. A few years ago the medical attendant gave up all hope of his patient. The Goodies of the village obtained the Doctor's and the sick

man's consent to restore him to health—and having carried him round the tree, bumped the dying man, and had the mortification of carrying him back a corpse, much to their astonishment at the ill success of their specific: J. SILVESTER.

LION-HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By Lewis Leslie, Esq., 45th Regiment; abridged from the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape Cavalry encamped on the banks of Orange River in South Africa, for the protection of the boers on that extreme boundary against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion of the Colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish River, formerly the north-eastern limit to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River, had been but a few years in our possession, and then only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation, I believe, was not recognised at that time by Government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar: vast plains or flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade of verdure to the weary eye. These plains were enriched or intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation; and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and naught enlivened the dreary scene save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran widely off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the banks of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited roods of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and, something like the Israelites in the desert, betake themselves to tents, and, with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their crails or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion; and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals, or their instinctive precautions

perhaps, gave them more security than the feeble defences of a crowded kraal.

It was on these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the Boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany.

The method by which the Boors pursue the lion will be shown by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same, and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of Orange River, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen. Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and, in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended, after considerable intervals, in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when, in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but often during the night, when we bivouacked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach, at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles' distance, while every animal shook with fear. A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighbouring Boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the banks of the river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The Boors assert that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because that animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning and trace him to his den, with the few Boors we could collect and a party of our men. We mounted immediately after sunrise, and with a large number of dogs proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with his late meal, he had, perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep banks of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a narrow plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us, by an eye-witness, where he had been seen to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in the pursuit, as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We, however, could not dare to enter

farther than the skirts of the jungle, with a finger on the trigger and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw unquestionably would have been fatal. For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and Boor observed his footsteps in the sand. The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain which we had left. R——, with a party of Boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I, with a smaller number, rode round a projecting edge of the hill, into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late: he had been just brought to bay, as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R—— delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay would assuredly say the sportsman could never behold a more stirring scene in the chase. There he was, seated on his hind quarters, his eye glaring on a swarm of curs yelping around him; his dark shaggy mane he shook around his gigantic shoulders, or with his paw tossed in the air the nearest dog, more apparently in sport than anger. We arranged preliminaries. The horses were tied together in a line, taking care to turn their heads from the direction where the lion was at bay, and likewise that they were to the windward of him, lest his very scent should scare them into flight. The retreat behind this *living* wall is the Boors' last resource if he should advance upon them, that his indiscriminate fury may fall upon the horses. Some of the Boors are excellent marksmen, and the Hottentot soldiers are far from being despicable: yet many a bullet was sent ere he was slain. Fired by the wounds he received, his claw was no longer harmless: one dog he almost tore to pieces, and two more were destroyed ere he fell. At each shot he rushed forward as if with the intent of singling out the man who fired, but his rage was always vented on the dogs, and he again retired to the station he had left. The ground appeared to be bathed with his blood. Every succeeding attempt to rush forward displayed less vigour and fury, and at last, totally exhausted, he fell; but still the approach was dangerous. In the last struggle of his expiring agony he might have inflicted a mortal wound: cautiously approaching, he was shot through the heart; twelve wounds were counted in his head, body, and limbs.

He was of the largest size, and allied in appearance to the species which the Boors call the black lion. We claimed the skin and skull—the Bushmen the carcass, which to them is a delicious morsel; and the Boors were satisfied with knowing that he would commit no farther depredations on them.

On another occasion we roused two on the summit of a low stony hill. They were deliberately descending one side as we reached the top, and amid a shower of bullets, they quietly crossed a plain to ascend another. We followed, and they separated: we brought them to bay in succession, and slew both. It appears to me, from what I have seen and heard, that a lion once wounded will immediately turn upon his pursuers; but I am of opinion that he seldom attacks man, generally shuns his vicinity, and that he has none of the reported partiality for human flesh. In the district I described, and of which a description was necessary to show that we encountered him upon clear and open ground, the various kinds of lion were originally very numerous. The Boors enumerated three—the yellow, grey, and black. Their numbers were much diminished, principally, perhaps, from their retreating beyond Orange River to an unoccupied country, although many also were destroyed by the Boors. It has been said that the lion dwells in the plains. The African hunters almost always seek him in the mountains; and occasionally one or two will not shun the encounter, if armed with their long and sure rifles, which on almost all occasions they carry. One instance more and I have done. A party of officers, a few years previous, along with some Boors, discovered a lion, lioness, and two cubs, within a short distance of Hermianus Craal, on the frontier. The lion dashed forward to protect his mate and young ones, and attempted to defend them by shielding them with his body, until the officers, moved by his magnanimity of conduct, entreated that he might not be destroyed; but the Dutchmen were inexorable, and they killed him: the cubs fled and the lioness followed; but all were found dead of their wounds the succeeding day.

The above anecdote was related to me by an officer who was an eye-witness.

The Topographer.

THE ABBEY OF FONTEVRAUD.

Few places recorded in monastic history have acquired such celebrity as the Abbey of Fontevraud, one of the finest religious edifices in France. It stands in the valley of the same name, on the borders of Poitou and Anjou, in the department of Mayenne and Loire, and is so extensive, that when viewed at a distance, it appears like a little town of Gothic construction, embosomed in luxuriant

woods. Here, in the unenviable solitude of monachism, lived the order of Fontevraud, from its first foundation, in the eleventh century, till the year 1793, when it was subverted by the Revolutionists, who drove the inhabitants from their sanctuary, and both pillaged and injured the convent. Still, Fontevraud experienced a better fate than many other beautiful Gothic edifices in France at the above period, which were entirely demolished, or left in a ruined condition.

The founder of this famous abbey was Robert d'Abrissel, a Breton priest, whose religious society was composed of penitent females. He gave his followers of both sexes, the rule of St. Benedict, and a very singular constitution, which made the nuns the superiors; the monks being subject to them. The Abbess of Fontevraud was the superior of the whole order, which soon extended into Spain: she was generally a lady of rank, and was subject to the Pope only. The foundation of the abbey took place towards the end of the eleventh century.

Robert was so famous a preacher, in his time, that Pope Urban II. commanded him, wherever he went, to harangue the people in favour of the first crusade. So successfully proved the eloquence of Robert, that many persons, from simply hearing his orations, left their families, and hastened into Palestine, where they fought under the holy banners of Godfrey of Bouillon; others, who either wanted opportunity or resolution to venture the personal hazard of fighting with the infidels, contributed a large portion of their substance in support of the sacred war.

The means adopted by Robert for the establishment of the convent at Fontevraud, is an interesting picture of the fanaticism even of those intolerant times. He wandered about the country, preaching a contempt of this world, and the merit of abandoning all earthly things, in order to devote both body and soul to the temporal and eternal service of God. His arguments and orations almost had the effect of disorganizing the community wherever he preached, and hundreds became his followers and disciples: wives abandoned their husbands, children left their parents, and parents quitted their houses, as the devoted converts of the holy wanderer. Men and women, of bad as well as good repute, composed his retinue, which at length became so numerous as to be unmanageable: wherefore Robert chose some spot where he might form his multitude into a regular order.

The picturesque forest of Fontevraud, watered by a pure fountain that issued from a rock, was selected as a convenient retreat for these infatuated people. The colony at first built themselves huts, with the branches of trees and heaps of turf, as a shelter from



(The Abbey of Fontevraud.)

the weather, or during the night. The people of the neighbouring country contributed to improve this primitive mode of life of the holy man and his train. A lady, named Aramburge, gave the valley in which the great church was afterwards erected; the lords of Montreuil and Radegonde, the lands of Born and the forest of Fontevraud. Kings, princes, and nobles poured in their wealth, to aid in the pious act of building these monasteries; and, at length, the multitude occupying them were formed into some degree of order. Three hundred nuns, selected from the most reputable and best educated females, were placed in the convent near the great church, which, in size and splendour, resembled a cathedral. The others were divided into companies, each including a hundred women. Those who had formerly led abandoned lives, were placed in the convent dedicated to St. Madeleine, and called *femmes repenties*. The sick and leprous were lodged in the hospital of St. Lazare. The order of monks who were devoted to St. John, inhabited a monastery dedicated to their saint. But, of this building, the ruins of the church now alone remain. The erection of the nave of the great church is attributed to Folques, fifth Count of Anjou, about the year 1125; and many other parts of the abbey were built at that period.

Robert, the founder of this numerous order, lived to see it extended throughout the greater part of France. Towards the end of his career, he gave up his authority as superior, and invested it in the person of a beautiful lady, named Petronille de Chemille, electing her Abbess of Fontevraud, and submitted himself and all the convents to her supremacy. He died in 1117. His fanaticism appears to have been mixed with zeal less acceptable in the eyes of the Pope, for he was refused ca-

nonization in consideration of his "doubtful penance."

It is worthy of remark, that the costume of these monks and nuns never altered for seven centuries, or from their first establishment to their abolition, in 1793. The dress was that prevailing in Robert's time: the men wore black, covered by a long mantle, to which a cowl was attached; and, at the bottom of the garment, both in front and behind, appeared a small square piece of cloth, called *the Robert*; the nuns were attired in a white petticoat of fine linen, with sleeves neatly plaited; a black stomacher and belt completed the gown; the head was covered with a light black veil, and the feet by white stockings and shoes. The extreme neatness of this costume received considerable embellishment from the full folds of the long and elegant black mantle which was worn during divine service.

After the decease of Robert, the superiors of the order were generally chosen from women of the first rank. Fourteen princesses are numbered among the Abbesses of Fontevraud—many of whom richly endowed the monastery with lands, money, pictures, jewels, statues, treasures, and additional buildings. It is, however, much to be regretted, that the Revolution has spared little else than the walls of this once magnificent retreat.

Besides these interesting details of the monastery, Fontevraud has associations peculiarly attractive for the English reader, it being chosen for the burial-place of a few of our early kings, till they lost the provinces of Anjou and Mayenne, in the time of King John. A few particulars of their memorials, together with a description of the neighbouring castle of Chinon, which is inseparable from this portion of the history of Fontev-

raud, will furnish a paper in our next sheet. Meanwhile, we cheerfully acknowledge our obligation for the staple materials of the present article to Mrs. Charles Stothard's clever and entertaining *Tour through Normandy, Brittany, &c.* in 1818.

The Naturalist.

THE MUSCLE

Is a molluscous animal, which naturalists term stationary, from its being moored to rocks by what is vulgarly called the beard of the fish, but, in the language of science, the *byssus*. This consists of a bundle of blackish horny fibres or threads, connected to the animal within the shell on one side, and to the rock on the other. These threads are formed, according to Cuvier and most authors, of a glutinous matter, secreted from the base of the foot, and drawn out by the evolutions of this organ to their proper length, and moulded to their shape in a longitudinal groove on its surface. Blainville, however, considers this an erroneous account; for, according to him, the byssus is a collection of dried muscular fibres. The adductor (or leading) muscle, he says, is at first like those of other molluscous animals, contractile and living; but, being protruded beyond the shell, and attached to the rock, it becomes dried and irritable to a certain extent, and the fibres, by their dryness, become loose from the thready cable, such as we observe it. We know not which of these explanations to commend to the adoption of the reader; nor are we certain that either details apply to the common muscle, such as is eaten in great numbers at this season of the year.

The following, however, is the result of the examination of the common muscle, by the author of an ingenious series of papers on Molluscous Animals, contributed to the *Magazine of Natural History*.

From each side of the shell, in front of the great adductors, a cylindrical tendinous muscle arises, *see the Cut, (a)* and running forward obliquely, it meets its fellow near the centre, and opposite to the hinge, where they unite, and where they are met by other two similar muscles, *(b,)* which arise near the beaks, anterior to the lesser adductors, and run backward. From the place of union between these muscles originates the byssus *(c)* by a single root or stalk. This is firm, cylindrical, cartilaginous, and of a clear amber colour, continuing simple for a short space, when it divides, in a very irregular manner, into a few branches, which are again divided into numerous entangled threads. These are attached to the foreign external bodies by means of the foot, a tongue-shaped organ lying at the base of the byssus, distinguished by its dark violet colour, and capable of con-

siderable extension and retraction. There is a furrow drawn along its middle, probably of use in holding the threads while they are fixed without; but you do not perceive any glandular apparatus by which the latter might be secreted, unless this should be a fleshy sheath, which, indeed, does surround the base; and the transition, from the peculiar structure of the muscle to the horny structure of the byssus, is so abrupt, that this looks rather like a new organ than a modification of the one to which it is attached, as Blainville supposes. The accompanying figure will give a good idea of what has just been described.



(The Muscle.)

It should be added, that the muscle which has this byssus cannot voluntarily detach itself; but, if forcibly torn away from its hold, can refix the shell, probably by forming a new byssus; and without this provision, the muscle must have become the sport of the waves.

The Public Journals.

THE STORY OF HESTER MALPAS.

By L. E. L.

[We have abridged this tender tale from twelve pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. It here occupies but two-thirds of its original space: that is, our abridgment is equal to eight pages of the magazine. It is a sorry record of the curse of circumstantial evidence; but its chief merit lies in the telling: for, no writer of the present day, either in prose or verse, or of either sex, excels the narrator of this sad story, in the mastery of delineating the finest feelings—the tenderest touches—of our nature; this is indeed the eloquence of the heart.]

There is a favourite in every family; and, generally speaking, that favourite is the most

troublesome member in it. People evince a strange predilection for whatever plagues them. This, however, was not the case with Hester Malpas. The eldest of six children, she was her father's favourite, because from her only was he sure of a cheerful word and a bright smile. She was her mother's favourite, because every one said that she was the very image of that mother herself at sixteen. She was the favourite of all her brothers and sisters, because she listened patiently to all their complaints, and contributed to all their amusements; an infallible method, by the by, of securing popularity on a far more extended scale.

Mr. Malpas was the second son of a prosperous tradesman in Wapping,—a sickly child. Of course, he shrank from active amusement. Hence originated a love of reading, which, in his case, as in many others, was mistaken for a proof of abilities. Visions of his being a future lord chancellor, archbishop of Canterbury, or at least an alderman, soon began to stimulate the ambition of the little back-parlour where his parents nightly discussed the profits of the day, and the prospects of their family. The end of these hopes was a very common one;—at forty, Richard Malpas was a poor curate in Wiltshire, with a wife and six children, and no chance of bettering his condition. He had married for love, under the frequent delusion of supposing that love will last under every circumstance most calculated to destroy it; and, secondly, that it can supply the place of everything else. Other sorrows soften the heart,—poverty hardens it. Nothing like poverty for chilling the affections and repressing the spirits. Its annoyances are all of the small and mean order; its regrets all of a selfish kind; its presence is perpetual; and the scant meal, and the grudging fire, are repeated day by day, yet who can become accustomed to them? Mr. and Mrs. Malpas had long since forgotten their youth; and if ever they referred to their marriage, on his part it was to feel, too late, what a drawback it had been to his prospects, and to turn in his mind all the college comforts and quiet of which his ill-fated union had deprived him. Nor was his wife without her regrets. A woman always exaggerates her beauty and its influence when they are past; and it was a perpetual grief to think what her pretty face might have done for her.

In the midst of all this, Hester grew up;—but there are some natures nothing can spoil. The temper was as sweet as if it had not breathed the air of eternal quarrellings; the spirits as gay as if they had not been tried by the wearing disappointment of being almost always exerted in vain. She had ever something to do—something to suggest; and when the present was beyond any actual

remedy, she could at least look forward; and this she did with a gaiety and an energy altogether contagious. Everybody has some particular point on which they pique themselves; generally something which ill deserves the pride bestowed on it. Richard Malpas particularly prided himself on never having stooped to conciliate the relations, who had both felt, and very openly expressed, the anger of disappointed hope on his marriage. His brother had lived and died in his father's shop: perhaps, as his discarded relative formed no part of his accounts, he had forgotten his very existence. On his death, shop and property were left to his sister Hester; or, as she was now called, Mrs. Hester Malpas. After a few years, during which she declared that she was cheated by everybody,—though it must be confessed that the year's balance told a different story every Christmas,—she sold her interest in the shop, and, retiring to a small house in the same street, resolved on making her old age comfortable. It is very hard to give up a favourite weak point: but to this sister Mr. Malpas at length resolved on applying for assistance.

[This sister, Mrs. Hester Malpas, relieves his pressing wants, and proposes to receive into her house the girl Hester, who had been the only *confidante* in the father's application.]

When we expect the worst, it never happens. Mrs. Malpas caught at the idea of Hester's going to town with an eagerness which inflicted on poor Hester the severest pang she had ever known. "And is my mother so ready to part with me?" was a very bitter thought. Still, if she could have read that mother's heart, she would have been comforted. It was the excess of affection that made the sacrifice easy. All the belief in the sovereign power of a pretty face,—all the imagination which Mrs. Malpas had long ceased to exercise for herself,—were exerted for her daughter. Like all people who have lived their whole life in the country, she had the most unreal, the most magnificent ideas of London. Once there, and Hester's future fortune was certain. Besides, she had another reason, which, however, from the want of confidence which ran through the whole family, she kept to herself. There was a certain handsome youth, the son of a neighbouring farmer, between whom and Hester she thought the more distance the better. She had suffered too much from a love-match herself to entertain the least kindness towards such a step. The faults we ourselves commit are always those to which we are most unforgiving. Hester herself had never thought about what the feeling was which made her blush whenever she met Frank Horton. No girl ever does. It was shyness, not deception, that made her avoid even the mention of his

name. The word love had never passed between them. Still the image of her early playmate was very frequent amid the regrets with which she regarded leaving her native place.

Matters being arranged for Hester's departure, the evening before her departure, she went for a solitary walk, lingering amid all her old favourite haunts. Her spirits were worn out and dejected. It jarred cruelly upon her affectionate temper to find that her absence was matter of rejoicing to her whole family. The children, naturally enough, connected Hester's departure with the new indulgences, the result of their aunt's gift; and childhood is as selfish from thoughtlessness as age is from calculation. Her parents merged in the future that present which weighed so heavily upon poor Hester. She was stooping, with tearful eyes, to gather some wild flowers in the hedge, when Frank Horton, who had joined her unperceived, gathered them for her.

"And so, Hester, you are going to London, and will soon forget all your old friends." Hester had no voice to assure him that she should not. Her silence gave her companion the better opportunity of expressing his regrets, doubly touching to the affectionate girl, who had just been thinking that her departure was lamented by no one. Hester's heart was so full of love and sorrow, that it was impossible for some not to fall to his share; and they parted, if not with a positive promise, yet with a hope that their future life would, in some way or other, be connected together.

[We pass over the night's journey to London.]

On the next evening Hester found herself bewildered, cold, tired, hungry, and wretched, in the inn-yard where the coach stopped. She was roused by some one at her elbow inquiring "for the young woman that Mrs. Hester Malpas expected;" and in a moment the guard had consigned her to the care of a stranger. It was a neighbour whom her aunt had sent to meet her. Mr. Lowndes asked her how she did, received no answer, made up his mind that she was stupid and shy, considered that to talk was no part of his agreement with Mrs. Malpas, and hurried along the streets as fast as possible.

Having reached the aunt's house, Hester was sorry to part with Mr. Lowndes; she felt so desolate, that even the companionship of half an hour was something like a claim to an acquaintance.

"Come in, child," said a forbidding voice; and a hand laid upon her arm conducted her into a small but comfortable-looking parlour. The light cheered, the warmth revived, but still Hester could not muster resolution enough to look up.

"Can't the girl speak?"

Hester tried to murmur some inarticulate sounds, but gave up the attempt in despair and tears.

"Take off your bonnet."

Hester obeyed; and the readiness with which this slight act was performed, together, perhaps, with the trace of crying very visible on the face, had a favourable effect on her hostess, who parted her hair on her forehead, and said, with much kindness of manner, "Your hair is the colour mine used to be—scarcely, I think, so long;—I used to be celebrated for my head of hair." And the complacency with which the elderly dame reverted to the only personal grace she had ever possessed diffused itself over her whole manner. Hester now looked at her aunt, who was the very reverse of what she had imagined: she had always thought she would be like her father, and fancied a tall, dark, and handsome face. No such thing. Mrs. Hester Malpas was near sixty, (her niece had left age quite out of her calculation,) and was little, thin, harsh-featured, and of that whole sharp and shrewish appearance so often held to be the characteristic of singlehood.

Never was change so complete as that which now took place in Hester's life. Nothing could be more dull, more monotonous, than her existence;—the history of one day might serve for all. They rose very early;—people who have nothing to do always make the day as long as possible;—they breakfasted—the same eternal two rolls, and a plate of thin bread and butter. Then she read aloud the chapters and psalms of the day—then sat down to some task of interminable needlework—then dinner—then (after a few weeks' residence had convinced Mrs. Malpas that her niece required exercise and might be trusted) she was allowed to walk for two hours—then came tea—then the work-basket was resumed—and Mrs. Hester told long stories of her more juvenile days—stories which, however, differed strangely from those treasured up by most elderly gentlewomen, whose memory is most tenacious of former conquests; but the reminiscences in which Mrs. Hester delighted to indulge were of the keen bargains she had driven, and the fortunate sales which she had effected. Had she talked of her feelings, Hester, like most girls, would have listened with all the patience of interest. An unhappy attachment is irresistible to the imagination of eighteen; but with these tender and arithmetical recollections it was impossible for any young woman to sympathize;—however, she listened very patiently—supper came at nine—and they went to bed at ten. This was but a weary life for a girl of nineteen, and Hester's sweet laugh grew an unfrequent sound, and her bright cheek lost its rich colour. The neighbours said that Mrs. Malpas was worrying her niece to death. This

was not true. Mrs. Malpas was both fond of and kind to her niece in her way, and, had she noted the alteration, would have been the first to be anxious about her; but Hester's increasing silence and gravity were rather recommendations, and as to her looking pale, why she never had had any colour herself, and she did not see why her niece should have any—colour was all very well in the country.

A year passed away unmarked by any occurrence, when, one summer afternoon, as Hester was taking her accustomed walk, she heard her name suddenly pronounced. She turned, and saw Frank Horton.

"I have been watching for you," said he, hastily drawing her arm within his, and hurrying her along, "these two hours. I was afraid you would not come out; but here you are, prettier than ever!"

Hester walked on, flurried, confused, surprised, but delighted. It was not only Frank Horton that she was glad to see, but he brought with him a whole host of all her dearest remembrances—all her happiest hours came too—she faltered half a dozen hurried questions, and all about home. Frank Horton seemed, however, more desirous to talk about herself: he was eager in his expressions, and Hester was too little accustomed to flattery not to find it sweet. She prolonged her walk to the utmost, and when they separated, she had promised, first, that she would not mention their meeting to her aunt, and, secondly, that she would meet him the following day. It was with a heavy heart Hester bent over her work that evening. One, two, three days went by, and each day she met Frank Horton; the fourth, as she entered the parlour with her bonnet on, to ask, as was her custom, if her aunt wanted anything out, "No," said Mrs. Malpas, her harsh voice raised to its highest and harshest key, "you ungrateful, deceitful girl! I know what you want to go out for: take off your bonnet this moment, for out of the house you don't stir. Your young spark won't see you for one while, I can tell him."

On the Saturday night, after she had gone into her own room, the servant girl came up softly, and, giving her a letter, said—"Come, miss, don't take on so—I am sure no good will come of mistress's parting two true lovers; but dear, she never had one of her own—and such a handsome young man—but, Lord! is that her calling?" and the girl darted off, leaving Hester the letter.

A thrill of delight lighted up her pale face as she opened the precious epistle. Frank wrote to say that he knew how she had been confined to the house—that he had kept purposely out of the way—and that he entreated her to meet him as she went to church the following Sunday—that he had something very important to tell her—and that he would never ask her to meet him again. Hester

wondered in her own mind whether she should be allowed to go to church—trembled at the idea of thus profaning the Sabbath—half resolved to confess all to her aunt—then found her courage sink at the idea of that aunt's severity—read the letter over again—and determined to meet him. She was late the ensuing morning, when Mrs. Hester came into her room, and exclaimed angrily, "So I suppose, as your spark has taken himself off, you do not want to go out? Please to make haste and get ready for church—I am sure you have need to pray for your sins."

Hester had not courage to reply. She dressed; and, after telling her she ought to be ashamed of making herself such a figure with crying, Mrs. Malpas dismissed both her and the servant to church. Very infirm, she herself rarely left the house, but used to read the service in the parlour, which was her sitting-room.

Trembling and miserable, Hester proceeded in the direction indicated by her lover; he was there before her—and, with scarcely a word, she followed him hurriedly till they reached a more remote street, where, at least, neither was known. As they walked along, half Hester's attention had been given to the bell tolling for church; suddenly it ceased, and the silence smote upon her heart. Never before had she heard that bell cease but within the walls of the sacred edifice.

"Oh, pray make haste—what can you have to say?—I shall be so late in church!" exclaimed she, breathless with haste and agitation.

"I shall not detain you again," replied he, in a low and broken voice. "Hester, I could not leave England without bidding you farewell, perhaps for ever!" She clung to his arm. To one who had never made but a single journey in all her life—whose idea of the world was composed of a small secluded village, and a few streets in a dull and unfrequented part of London—leaving England seemed like leaving life itself. "Yes, Hester," said her companion, gazing earnestly and sadly on her pale and anxious face, "I go on board to-day—I cannot stay here—I am off to America—I have done very wrong in renewing my acquaintance with you—but, with all my faults, I do love you, Hester, very truly and dearly. It was hard to leave my native country, and not leave one behind who would say 'God bless you!' when I left, or give me one kind thought when far, far away. I ask for no promise, Hester; but when I return, altered I hope for the better in every way, you will find Hester Malpas has been my hope and my object."

She could say nothing—the surprise of this departure overwhelmed every other feeling. She walked with him in silence—she listened to his words, and felt a vague sort of satisfaction in his expressions of attachment and

“fidelity; but she answered only by tears. Frank was the first to see the necessity of their parting. He accompanied her back to her aunt’s, and Hester let herself in, as she had the key of the back door. He followed her into the passage—he clasped her to his heart, and turned hastily away. Hester was not aware that he was gone till she heard the door close after him; she wanted consolation; it would have been a relief to have spoken to any one; she felt half inclined to seek her aunt and confess the meeting, but her courage failed, and she hurried into her own little room, where she was soon lost in a confused reverie which blended her aunt’s and Frank’s departure together.

Leaving her to the enjoyment (as people are said to enjoy a bad state of health) of her solitary and melancholy reverie, we will follow the worthy Mr. Lowndes out of church, who, leaving his wife to hurry home about dinner, declared his intention of paying Mrs. Hester Malpas a visit. The fact was, he had missed Hester from her accustomed place in church—thought that she was still kept prisoner to the house—and considering her to have been punished quite long enough, resolved to speak a word in her favour to her aunt. He knocked at the door, but instead of being let in with that promptitude which characterized all the movements of Mrs. Hester’s household, he was kept waiting; he knocked again—still no answer. At this moment, just as Mr. Lowndes’ temper was giving more way than the door, the servant girl came up, who had loitered longer on her way from church, arrived, and let them in together. She threw open the parlour door, but instantly sprung back with a scream. Mr. Lowndes advanced, but he, too, started back with an exclamation of horror. The girl caught hold of his arm, and both stood trembling for a moment, ere they mustered courage to enter that fated and fearful room. The presence of death is always awful; but death, the sudden and the violent, has a terror far beyond common and natural fear. The poor old lady was lying with her face on the floor, and the manner of her death was instantly obvious—a violent blow on the back of the head had fractured the skull, and a dark-red stain marked the clean white cap, whence the blood was slowly trickling. They raised the body, and placed it in the large arm-chair, the customary seat of the deceased. “Good God! where is Miss Hester?” exclaimed Mr. Lowndes. The servant girl ran into the passage, and called at the foot of the stairs—she had not courage to ascend them. There was at first no answer—she called again—the door of Hester’s apartment was opened slowly, and a light but hesitating step was heard. “Miss Hester, oh! Miss Hester, come down to your aunt.” Hester’s faint and broken voice answered, “Not yet, not yet—I cannot bear it.”

Fatally were those words remembered against her. That evening saw the unfortunate girl confined in a solitary cell in Newgate. We shall only give the brief outline of the evidence that first threw, and then fixed the imputation upon her. It was evident that the murderer, whoever he was, had entered by the door: true, the window was open, but had any one entered through it there must have been the trace of footsteps on the little flower-bed of the small garden in front. The house, too, had been rifled by one who appeared to know it well, while nothing but the most portable articles were taken—the few spoons, the old lady’s watch, and whatever money there might have been, for not a shilling even was to be found anywhere. A letter, however, was found from Mr. Malpas to his sister, mentioning that Frank Horton, who had long been very wild, had been forced to quit the neighbourhood in consequence of having been engaged in an affray with some gamekeepers, and it was supposed that poaching was the least crime of the gang with whom he had been connected. The epistle concluded by a hope very earnestly expressed, that if, as common report went, Frank had gone up to London, he might not meet with Hester, and begging if he attempted to renew the acquaintance, a stop should be put to it at once. It was proved that Hester had met this young man several times in secret, the last in defiance of her aunt’s express prohibition; that instead of going to church she had met him, and he had been seen leaving the house with all possible haste about the very time the murder had been committed, and he was traced to the river side. Two vessels had that morning sailed for America, but it was impossible to learn whether he was a passenger in either. Hester’s own exclamation, too, seemed to confirm every suspicion, so did her terror, her confusion, and her bewildered manner. Everybody said that she looked so guilty; and the coroner’s inquest brought in a verdict for her committal.

It was a fine summer evening when Mr. Malpas and his family were seated, some in the porch of the cottage, while the younger children were scattered about the garden. There was an expression of cheerfulness in the face of the parents very different to the harsh, hard dependency of a twelvemonth since; and Hester, as her mother always prognosticated she would, had indeed brought a blessing on her family. Many an anxious glance was cast down the road, for to-day the post came in, and one of the boys had been despatched to the village to see if there was a letter from Hester. The child was soon discovered running at full speed, and a letter was in his hand. “It is not my sister’s handwriting,” said he, with the blank look of disappointment. Mr. Malpas opened the epistle,

which was from Mr. Lowndes, and broke kindly, though abruptly, his daughter's dreadful situation. The unhappy father sunk back senseless in his seat, and, in care for his recovery, Mrs. Malpas had a brief respite; but she, too, had to learn the wretched truth. How that miserable day passed no words may tell. * * * *

The next evening, and Mrs. Malpas had found her way to the cell of her unhappy child. All was over—she had been tried and found guilty, not of the actual murder, but of abetting and concealing it, and the following morning was the one appointed when the sentence of the law was to be carried into effect. "This is not Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Malpas, when she entered the cell: and even from a mother's lips the ejaculation might be excused, so little resemblance was there between the pale emaciated creature before her, and the bright and blooming girl with whom she had parted. Hester was seated on the side of the iron bedstead—her hands clasping her knees, rocking herself to and fro, with a low monotonous moan, which would rather have seemed to indicate bodily pain than mental anguish. Her long hair—that long and beautiful brown hair of which her mother had been so proud—hung dishevelled over her shoulders, but more than half of it was grey. Her eyes were dim and sunk in her head, and looked straightforward, with a blank, stupid expression. Her mother whispered her name—Hester made no answer; she took one of her hands—the prisoner drew it pettishly away. That livelong night the mother watched by her child—but that child never knew her again. After some time she seemed soothed by those kind and gentle caresses, but she never gave the slightest token of knowing from whom they came.

Morning arrived at last. With what loathing horror did Mrs. Malpas watch the dim grey light mark the dull outline of the grated window! The morning reddened, and as the first crimson touched Hester's face as it rested sleeping on her mother's shoulder, somewhat of its former beauty came back to that fair young face. She slept long, though it was a disturbed and convulsive slumber. She was roused by a noise in the passage—bolt and bar fell heavily; there was the sound of many steps—strange dark faces appeared at the door. They came to take the prisoner to the place of execution! The men approached Hester—they raised her from her seat—they bound her round childish arms behind her. The mother clung to her child, but that child clung not in return. Mrs. Malpas sunk, though still retaining her hold, on the floor. With what humanity such an office permitted, they disengaged her grasp—they bore away the unresisting prisoner—the door closed, and the wretched mother had looked upon her child for the last time.

It was about a twelvemonth after the execution of Hester Malpas that the family were seated again, on a fine summer evening, round the door of their cottage; but a dreadful alteration had taken place in all. The father and mother looked bowed to the very earth—the very children shrunk away if a stranger passed by. Mr. Malpas had inherited his sister's property, much more considerable than had ever been supposed; but though necessity forced its use, he loathed it like a curse. An unusual sight now—the postman was seen approaching—he brought Mr. Malpas a newspaper. He shuddered as he took it, for he knew Mr. Lowndes' handwriting again. He opened it mechanically, and a large "read this" directed his attention to a particular paragraph. It was the confession of a Jew watchmaker, who had just been executed for burglary; and, among other crimes, he stated that he was the real murderer of Mrs. Hester Malpas, for which a young woman, her niece, had been executed. He had entered the window by means of a plank thrown from the garden railing, to the casement, when with one blow he stunned the old lady, who was reading. Mr. Malpas went no farther—the thick and blinding tears fell heavily on the paper—he could not read it aloud, but he put it into his wife's hand, with a broken ejaculation, "Thank God, she was innocent!"

* * The facts of the Jew committing the murder, and the old lady's niece being hanged, are perfectly true. It happened in Wapping some forty years since.

Notes of a Reader.

PASS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

THE perilous passage of these mountains is more frequently undertaken in the winter than is generally imagined: it is difficult to conceive the necessity or urgency of affairs which can lead persons, at such a season, through such scenes of danger. They are generally pedlars or smugglers, who mount the pass from either side, in defiance of the snows, tourmentes, and avalanches of these high regions. During the severe cold of winter the snow at this elevation forms and falls like dust; it congeals so soon, and so hard, that the particles do not attach and form flakes when they touch, as in lower regions; and instead of consolidating beneath the pressure of the traveller's feet, they rise around him in powder, and he sinks to his middle. These snow-storms, when accompanied by violent winds, are called tourmentes, and are often fatal to the poor wretches who encounter them; unable then to trace the path, they wander and fall over precipices. The avalanches, too, take their share of victims. The

summer avalanche is caused by the submelting of the snow, which undermines its support; and the mass, once set in motion, descends with great violence. The avalanches of winter are occasioned by the masses of snow accumulating on the slopes of the mountains, where it is too dry to attach firmly; and when the weight of snow exceeds the supporting resistance of the surface of the ground, it slides off into the valley below, with a suddenness and violence which the monks who described it compared to the discharge of a cannon-ball: these are the sort of avalanches which in the winter render the approach to the hospice very dangerous. Near the convent the mountains are steep, and the traveller is exposed to almost certain destruction if an avalanche fall whilst he passes; and the poor wretch, buried beneath the mass, is found only when the snow melts, and the summer, which to him never returns, discovers the victim in these regions of winter. Under every circumstance in which it is possible to render assistance, the worthy monks of St. Bernard set out upon their regularly appointed duties. Undismayed by the spirit of the storm, and obeying a higher Power, they seek, amidst the greatest dangers, the exhausted or overwhelmed traveller; they are generally accompanied by their dogs. The sagacity of these animals is so extraordinary, that they too, as if conscious of their performing a high duty, will roam alone the day and night through in those desolate regions, discover the victim buried in the snow, and lie on him and lick him to impart warmth. They bear with them some refreshing liqueur around their necks for the poor traveller whom they may find, if he should have still sense enough left to use it; they then bark or howl—their signals for assistance, or, if the distance be too great, return to seek it. These valuable and noble animals have often deserved gold collars from the Humane Society. At present there are only four of these dogs at the convent. Not long since a mortality prevailed among them, and they had almost become extinct.

Brockedon's Excursions in the Alps.

ALBUM OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

A book at the hospice contains an amusing record of visitors, characters, and opinions. Here it has been kept for several years; and I hope that it may long be sacred, and that the practice of stealing autographs will never extend its sacrilege to the convent of the Great St. Bernard. It has, however, been done to such an extent in other places, that whole books have been stolen; and an entire one can scarcely now be found upon the usual routes of travellers, where, only three years ago, no person dared to detach a leaf. At St. Martin's, Salanches, Chamouny, &c., the

visitors' books have been violated for autographs, with the same recklessness that certain *illustrators* tore out portraits and effigies, some time ago, from printed works, to gratify a mania for which they deserved the galleys.

The travellers' book on the St. Bernard is a source of amusement to all visitors. Here the divine, the actor, the man of science, the merchant, the man of rank, and the idler, have united in a general acknowledgment of the urbanity of these kind-hearted monks, whose profession is humanity, and who practise true Christianity. The divine has done justice to their worth by forgetting his prejudices against their religious precepts in a recorded admiration of their practised duties; an actor, charmed by their cheerfulness, leaves in the book his avowal that he has passed at the Great St. Bernard "the happiest day of his life;"* the philosopher's memorial thanks them for the kind interest which they took, and the assistance which they rendered him in some delicate scientific experiments; the merchant, who visits them in his six weeks' journey of pleasure, writes *ditto* to some praise of their kindness; and the painter, the poet, and the lord, leave their sketches, verses, and names, in the universal desire to acknowledge their gratification and their thanks. What execration, then, does that selfish being deserve who can rob a thousand persons of the pleasure of reading these memorials in their original locality! Yet some have even been found to boast of their *luck* in possessing such stolen autographs, without blushing for the heartless thefts by which they had been obtained.—*Ibid.*

* Keen's autograph.

The Gatherer.

While Pasta and Lelande were at Milan, a feud broke out between them in their characters of prime *doune* of the Scala and Canobrano. The adherents of each were as furious in their animosity as the Guelfs and Ghibelines of old. Each party had their place of rendezvous, their Café Pasta or Lelandesta, where they discussed politics over sherbet and lemonade. A hundred duels were, or would have been, the consequence, but for the interruption of the police, who could not, however, prevent a little private and polite assassination. Affairs at length ran so high as to attract the attention of government; and the disturbances at the theatre being suspected to be the cloak of some treason against the state, all hissing in public was interdicted on pain of imprisonment. An inveterate Pastaist was at a party where Lelande was present, and was so pleased with her good-nature, affability, and above all, with the refined skill with which she sang an exquisite aria of her own com-

position, that his prejudices were wholly overcome. "Make me known to her," said he to the host. His request being complied with, he recanted his heresy, and professed himself the most enthusiastic of her worshippers. Triumph for an instant glanced in her eye, but, checking the expression, she said, "Do not deceive yourself; I owe your praises to my rival's absence; you will change your opinion to-morrow at La Scala."

"*Hope told a flattering tale.*"—Dr. Walcott and Madame Mara were on terms of the greatest intimacy. He wrote the song of "Hope told a flattering tale," expressly for her, and she sang it for the first time at one of her own benefits. The next day she sold the manuscript. The Doctor had already done the same, and the two purchasers, after a long dispute, which neither had the power to settle, agreed to wait on Mara, and solicit her interference. She consented, and as she was going in search of Dr. Walcott, he happened to cross her path in the Haymarket; he had already heard of the circumstance, and, like the *prima donna*, was not disposed to refund the money he had received. "What is to be done," said Mara, "cannot you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?" "Cannot you say the same of yourself?" replied the satirist; "one story would be believed as soon as the other." G. W. C.

Grassini.—When Napoleon was crowned at Milan, Madame Grassini, the celebrated singer, having attracted his attention, he sent for her, and after the usual salutations, she called to his recollection that her *debut* took place precisely at the time of his first exploits, when he was general-in-chief of the army of Italy. "I was then," she said, "in all the splendour of my beauty and talent—I was compared to the virgins of the sun—I seduced all eyes, inflamed all hearts,—the young general alone remained cold, and he was the only object of my thoughts. How singular! how strange! when I was worth something, when all Italy was at my feet, which I heroically disdained for only one look from you, I could not obtain it; and now you grant me what I have so long aspired to, when I am worth nothing and no longer worthy of you." W. G. C.

Curious Money.—The battle of Poitiers took place on the 19th of September, 1356, in which King John of France was made prisoner, and many of the French nobility lost their lives. The captive monarch, though respectfully treated, was brought to England to grace the triumph of the conqueror; the peace, in 1360, put an end to his captivity, but to obtain his liberty he made over many of the most valuable provinces of his kingdom to the King of England, and agreed to pay a ransom of three millions of gold crowns; which reduced him to the necessity of paying for the necessaries of his household in *leather*

money, in the middle of which there was a little nail of silver. P. T. W.

Public Schools.—The expression may appear ludicrous, yet there is not in the course of life, a more remarkable change than the removal of a child from the freedom and luxury of a wealthy house, to the frugal diet and strict subordination of a public school; from the tenderness of parents, and the obsequiousness of servants, to the rude familiarity of his equals, the insolent tyranny of his seniors, and the rod, perhaps, of a cruel and capricious pedagogue. Such hardships certainly steel the mind against the injuries of fortune. I shall always be ready to join in the opinion, notwithstanding Cowper (who was the exception and not the rule), and Byron, that our public schools, which have produced so many eminent characters, are best adapted to the genius and constitution of an English people. A boy of spirit may acquire a previous and practical experience of the world; and his play-fellows may be the future friends of his heart and his interest. In a free intercourse with his equals, the habits of truth, fortitude, and patience, are sensibly matured. I.

Ancient power of Dukes.—The dignity of a duke is a Roman dignity, denominated a *ducendo*, leading or commanding; accordingly the first dukes, *duces*, were leaders or commanders of armies. Among the Saxons, *heretochs* signified the same with dukes or *duces*, leaders of their armies. In the time of Edward the Confessor, the military force of the kingdom was in the hands of the dukes, or *heretochs*; they had a very unlimited power, and were elected by the people in their full assembly, or folk-mote, similar to the sheriffs. P. T. W.

Curious Surnames of French Kings.—Lewis I., son of Charlemagne, was surnamed *Le Debonnaire*, on account of the suavity of his manners.

Lewis II. the Stammerer, and son of Charles the Bald.

Lewis IV., *D'Outremer*, beyond the sea, being educated in England; he was the only son of Charles the Simple, by Egira, daughter of Edward the Elder.

Lewis VI., *Le Gros*.

Lewis IX. *Saint*.

Lewis IV., the Boisterous, from the rude promise of his infant years.

Philip, the Fortunate.

Philip II., *Augustus*.

Philip III., *Le Hardi*.

Philip IV., *Le Bel*.

Philip V., *Le Long*.

Philip VI., *De Valois*. P. T. W.

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